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VOL. 48—No. 16.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—LAST SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Nelson Varley. Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Programme includes the Pastoral Symphony, Prelude to "Lohengrin," overtures, "Manfred" (Schumann) and "Zampa;" cantata, "May-day" (Macfarren), &c. Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Tickets; Stalls, 2s. 6d.

ITALIAN OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE SEASON WILL COMMENCE ON SATURDAY, 16TH APRIL, 1870,

WITH
Verdi's Opera, RIGOLETTO.

IL DUCA	Signor MONGINI.
RIGOLETTO	Mr. SANTLEY.
SPARAFUCILE	Signor FOLI.
MONTEONE	Signor RAGUER.
MARULLO	Signor ZOBOLI.
BORSA	Signor ARCHINTI.
CEFRANO	Mr. LYALL.
LA CONTESSA	Mdlle. BRIANI.
GIUVANNA	Mdme. CORSI.
MADDELENA	Mdme. TREBELL-BETTINI.
AND	
GILDA	Mdlle. ILMA DI MURSKA.

ON MONDAY, 18TH APRIL,

Donizetti's Opera, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

ON TUESDAY, 19TH APRIL,

Rossini's Opera, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

Composer, Conductor, and Director of the Music .. SIGNOR ARDITI.
Acting Manager MR. JARRETT.

MISS EDITH KINGSLEY'S FIRST GRAND EVENING CONCERT, under the Patronage of the Right Hon. The Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, will take place at St. George's Hall, WEDNESDAY, April 21th. Principal vocalists—Miss Blanche Cole, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Harley Vinning and Herr Formes. Instrumentalists—Mr. John Cheshire, Chevalier Boscovitz, Mr. Charles Malcolm. Conductors, Mr. Louis Emmannel and Mr. F. Stanislaus. After which the comedy of "THE HONEYMOON," under the direction of Miss Marie Somerville. Stalls, 5s.; Tickets, 3s., 2s. and 1s.; at Mr. Austin's St. James's Hall, and at St. George's Hall.

MISS EDITH KINGSLEY AND MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing Nicolai's popular duet, "ONE WORD," at St. George's Hall, April 27th.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of Chopin and Henselt, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME CORY'S WALTZ," composed by Chopin, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

SIGNORINA EMILY TATE has the honour to announce that her THIRD ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will take place under the Special Patronage of Sir Roderick Murchison, &c., at St. George's Hall, on Tuesday, 3rd of May, 1870. Full particulars will be duly announced. No. 79, Cook's Road, Kennington Park.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAIVSON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER will return to London for the season on the 23rd May. All letters to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAIVSON & CO., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR CARL FORMES will sing his renowned song, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at St. George's Hall, April 27.

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SONGS OF SCOTLAND, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Mr. KENNEDY, the Scottish Vocalist, will give his celebrated Entertainment on the SONGS OF SCOTLAND, April 25th, 27th, and 29th; May 2nd, 4th, and 6th, at Eight o'clock. A Special Morning Entertainment on Saturday, April 30th, at Three o'clock. Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Numbered Stalls, 3s.; at all the Musicians, and at the Rooms.

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The Music by KATE LUCY WARD.

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MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S Lectures "ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF VOCAL MUSIC" (in continuation of the Course now being delivered), will be given in the Lecture Theatre, South Kensington Museum, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 11 a.m., commencing on the 26th April. Tickets for the Course of Twelve Lectures, £1 1s.; with Practice, £1 11s. 6d. Single admissions, without Practice, 2s. 6d. Persons who may wish to attend this Course of Lectures are requested to send their names to the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, Treasurer, South Kensington Museum.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square (where Haydn made his first bow to an English audience).—Ladies and Gentlemen intending to engage these unique Rooms for Concerts, &c., are respectfully invited to make early application, in order to secure the best days. For terms, apply to Mr. Hall, at the Rooms.
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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

President—THE EARL OF DUDLEY.
Principal—PROFESSOR W. STERNDAL BERNETT.

The Easter Term will commence on Monday the 25th inst., and terminate on Saturday the 23rd of July.

Candidates for Admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursday, the 21st inst., at Eleven o'clock, and every following Thursday at the same hour.

By order,
JOHN GILL, Secretary.
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4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

MR. ROBERT BERRINGER will play his admired
"Valse de Bravoure" at the Crystal Palace, This Day, April 16th.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing (by desire) ASCHER'S
popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Matilda
Baxter's Evening Concert, May 6th.

MISS MATILDA BAXTER will perform ASCHER'S
brilliant Fantasia, "ALICE," at her Concert, May 6th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will (by desire) sing his
popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on April 20th
at St. James's Hall.

MISS AMY PERRY will perform ASCHER'S popular
Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS LILY SIMESTER and **MR. GEORGE PERREN**
will sing NICOLAI'S admired duet, "ONE WORD," at the Manor Rooms,
Hackney, May 10th.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing Miss KATE WARD'S
new song, "THE WEAVER," at St. James's Hall, April 20th; at Sydenham
Lecture Hall on the 22nd, and St. James's Hall on the 23rd.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—
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The Music by **W. FRIEDRICH.**

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Composed by **PAUL SEMLER.**

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

In two further representations of *Lucia di Lammermoor* Mdle. Mathilde Sessi maintained, and, indeed, may be said to have improved, her position. Nevertheless, if report may be credited, it is rather in comic than in serious opera that the talent of the fair-haired Austrian songstress lies; and of this we are promised a speedy opportunity of judging in Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento*, which is being got up expressly for Mdle. Sessi. At the third performance of *Lucia* the resources of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson's company were favourably put to the test. Herr Wachtel and Signor Graziani having to rehearse for *Guillaume Tell*, which was to be produced on the very next opera night, were unable, or at least unwilling, to sing in *Lucia*. Another Edgardo, however, was immediately at hand, in Signor Della Rocca, and another Enrico in Signor Cotogni—both of whom appeared to give satisfaction.

Lucia was followed by the *Huguenots*, in which Herr Wachtel essayed the part of Raoul de Nangis, for the first time before an English public. Although this gentleman evinces but small dramatic ability, and is by no means an artistically finished singer, his voice serves him at times to excellent purpose in the trying music which Meyerbeer has put in the mouth of his hero. Wherever pure phrasing and expressive delivery were required Herr Wachtel was deficient; but in the septet of the duel scene he gave out the famous concluding passage with remarkable power. True, he transposed it (as Mario always did) to a lower key; but enough remained to show off to advantage his stentorian qualities. In the duet with the Queen he was anything rather than satisfactory. Indulgence, however, may reasonably be claimed for him on the plea that the lady who assumed that character seemed but imperfectly acquainted with her music. In the far greater duet with Valentine, Herr Wachtel had not the same excuse, seeing that here his associate was Mdle. Tietjens. How that accomplished lady acts and sings the part of Meyerbeer's most interesting heroine our operating readers need not be informed. It was the first character in which she appeared among us—when, in 1858, Mr. Lumley still directed the fortunes of Her Majesty's Theatre; and it remains to this day one of her most forcible and finished assumptions. She was, perhaps, not on this occasion so completely mistress of her splendid physical means as might have been wished; but there was the old enthusiasm; and that sufficed to impress all her hearers, and to win a loud summons before the curtain at the termination of the duet—ill-balanced as were the powers, vocal and dramatic, of the two performers. In the other great duet—that with Marcel in the scene of the *Pré aux Cleres*—Mdle. Tietjens was much more efficiently supported; for if Signor Baggiolo, judged from the histrionic point of view, can hardly be compared with other impersonators of the rugged old Puritan whose names will instantly recur to many of our readers, he has not only a voice both strong and rich, but possesses considerable facility as a singer. This he had already shown in the well-known air, "Piff paff," and now confirmed in the duet to which we refer—one of the masterpieces of the opera. The other parts were in every instance more or less well filled. M. Petit, despite his apparently unconquerable "frenelo," was a good St. Bris, and Signor Cotogni an excellent Nevers; while Madame Scalchi gave both the airs of Urbano, "page of honour" (especially the "No, no, no," composed expressly for Alboni), in artistic style and with adequate fluency. The choruses were, for the most part, very effectively rendered; although the halo that used once to surround the grand scene of the "Blessing of the swords" seems to have vanished. The orchestra might almost play the accompaniments to the *Huguenots* without book; and Signor Vianesi, the new conductor, again proved himself thoroughly fitted for the post. After this, another word about an opera so familiar and so many times discussed will hardly be expected.

To the *Huguenots* succeeded Rossini's magnificent *Guillaume Tell*, given with the traditional curtailments, and the *finale* to Act 4—which is neither Rossini's nor Sir Michael Costa's (as has so often been asserted), but the work of an obscure Florentine *chef d'orchestre*. The overture was encored; yet we cannot agree with Signor Vianesi's reading of the last movement, which he begins slower than customary, gradually increasing the speed until the climax. For this, having no authority from the composer, he may fairly be called to task. Moreover, as the passages near the end cannot be distinctly heard, so quick has the pace become, the new reading is just as ineffective as it is unwarranted. The introduction, too, one of the loveliest, freshest, and most tuneful pieces of music in existence, was taken so much too fast as to be robbed of half its grace; and the performance generally of Rossini's masterpiece was one of the least admirable we remember at Covent Garden. Herr Wachtel's Arnold is a series of anti-climaxes. Big, powerful, and "metallic" as is his voice, he does not possess the art to manage it. In the first duet (famously known as "Dove vai?") he gave out all his power, unmindful that the beautiful phrase, "Ah, Mathilde, io t'amo," is a reflexion aside, not intended to be over-

heard by Tell, who wishes to make Arnold become a patriot, instead of a lover, and to abandon Mathilde for Switzerland. In the duet with Mathilde (Act 2) Herr Wachtel was far better; and in the last movement, "Il core che t'ama," where the impassioned love-phrase is sung by the two in unison, he exhibited genuine feeling. True, the voice of Mdle. Vanzini (Mathilde) was at times almost inaudible by the side of his; but here, at all events, Herr Wachtel was both dramatically in earnest and dramatically correct. The great trio in Act 2, where Arnold is informed of his father's death, was marred by Herr Wachtel's exaggerated delivery of the passionate outburst, "Troncar suoi di," &c., for which the high "C sharp" in the final movement (snatched at, at the best) made sorry amends. In the last scene, when, after much unnecessary exertion in the slow movement, "O muto asil," he came to "Coriam voliam" ("Suiève-moi") in which the "ut de poitrine" of Duprez, some 40 years ago, may be said to have sounded the death knell of Rossini's impressive and beautiful fourth act, Herr Wachtel was no longer master of his resources. Almost for the first time within our memory this famous air, with which, late as it came in the opera, Signor Tamberlik used to rouse the house to enthusiasm, passed off with scarcely a hand of recognition. It is a pity that the owner of such a voice as that of Herr Wachtel should be so little of a musician, and boast of so slender a modicum of judgment. A word or two may suffice for the other performers in *Guillaume Tell*. The character of the Swiss patriot is not perhaps suited to Signor Graziani, who, nevertheless, did his very best, and in the pathetic apostrophe to Jenny, just before Tell, at the despotic command of Gessler, is about to shoot the apple from off his son's head ("Resta immobile"—Act 3), exhibited rare feeling. The expression, however, would have been twofold had Signor Graziani refrained from accompanying his admonition by a variety of inappropriate gestures, and confided it rather to the ear of Jenny, as something intended for him exclusively—after the admirable example of Ronconi, whose Tell, although the music lay too low for his voice, was in a dramatic sense, the finest ever witnessed on the lyric stage. The imposing music of Walter is well suited to the sonorous tones of Signor Baggiolo's bass, and Mdle. Locatelli is a sprightly Jenny; but Signor Fallar, as Melchthal, made us regret the absence of Polonini, and Mdle. Vanzini is somewhat overweighted in Mathilde—as was especially demonstrated in the recitative and air, "Selva opaca" (Act 2). Mdle. Scalchi, Signors Casaboni and Marino, were respectively competent in the subordinate characters of Eudige (Tell's wife), Loutoldo, and Rodolfo; Signor Della Rocca sang the barcarole of the "Pescatore" tolerably well; and that long-tried favourite, Signor Tagliafico, was, as ever, the most picturesque and imposing of Gesslers. The general performance as we have hinted, was scarcely up to the Royal Italian Opera mark; nevertheless, the choruses in the glorious scene of the meeting of the Cantons were for the most part highly effective. The scenery remains as of old; and, familiar as it is, the picture of the Lake of the Four Cantons, seen from the valley in the mountains of Ruti, must always be regarded as one of the most beautiful that ever came from the ready and practised brush of Mr. W. Beverley. The grouping and action of the accessories, together with the general stage arrangements, under the superintendence of Mr. A. Harris, are as effective as of yore.

The opera on Saturday night was *Fidelio*, and the conductor on the occasion was Signor Bevgnani. That the system of employing two conductors is a mistaken one we stated as our opinion last year. We have nothing whatever to say in disfavour of Signor Bevgnani; but his manner of directing the orchestra differs materially from that of Signor Vianesi. One may be right, the other wrong; both may be right, or both wrong; these are questions apart; but the orchestra must naturally lend its preference to one or to the other. To which side that preference is likely to be extended we should have slight hesitation in suggesting. The question lies deeper; it is not a question as to the comparative merits of two conductors, but a question as to the advisability or non-advisability of a system; and on this depends more than can be stated in a passing comment.

We have heard better performances of *Fidelio* than that of Saturday evening; but on the whole it may be commended as one of average excellence. The overture (the great *Leonora*, No. 3) was encored and repeated; and the impressive "Prisoners' chorus" was unusually well done. About the *Leonora* of Mdle. Tietjens—the only *Leonora* at present on the boards—there is not a word to be said that has not been said over and over again. The musical public owes this gifted lady a debt of gratitude for having been the means of keeping the one opera of Beethoven on the stage. Without her its eloquent music would for years have been unheard. The Florentine of the evening was Dr. Gunz (some time ago engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre), who has all the German, and therefore the true traditions of the past, and who, in spite of a somewhat rebellious voice, sings with earnestness and intelligence. M. Petit, as Don Pizarro, is quite in his element, although the great air of the prison scene, with its overpowering orchestral accompaniment, somewhat over-taxes his means.

It was agreeable to find the three characters of Marcellina, Jacquino, and Rocco represented so generally well by artists to whom the great work of Beethoven must have been hitherto unfamiliar—perhaps, indeed, unknown. Signor Capponi, who played Rocco, and sang the music admirably well, and Signor Marino, the Spanish tenor, who was equally acceptable in that of Jacquino, have been for some time members of the Royal Italian Opera Company; but Mdle. Madigan (in plain language Miss Madigan—an Englishwoman), who undertook the part of Marcellina, is new to our stage. This young lady, who, we understand, has lately studied at Milan under Professor Sangiovanni, has everything in her favour—a fresh and agreeable *mezzo-soprano* voice, a prepossessing appearance, a natural ease upon the boards, and a vocal talent which may, without hesitation, be pronounced promising. She gave the one air of Marcellina (Act 1) unaffectedly and charmingly. The part of the State Minister, Don Fernando, who only appears in the last *finale*, was not sustained, as the programme gave out, by Signor Tagliafico, but by Signor Caravoglio. On the whole, the performance of *Fidelio* was enjoyable, and due honours were paid to the high merits of the Leonora.

On Tuesday *Lucrezia Borgia* was performed, with a new contralto, Mdle. Carl, as Maffeo Orsini. The other three principal characters were sustained by Mdle. Tietjens (Lucrezia), Signor Naudin (Gennaro—his first appearance for the season), Signor Graziani (Alfonso), and Signor Tagliafico (Gubetta). The new contralto was received with great favour, and encored in the "Brindisi." The rest was as usual. Mdle. Tietjens was in fine voice. Signor Bevigiani conducted.

On Thursday night Mdle. Sessi was to essay a new character—that of Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*. Further particulars in our next.

To-night, the *Flauto Magico*, with Mdle. Sessi in the "Queen of Night"—a bold essay, to say the least.

PRÆTORIUS AND HIS SYNTAGMA MUSICUM.*

Michael Prætorius may be designated as one of the greatest and most celebrated writers on music and also the ablest composer of the 16th and 17th centuries. Through him Germany attained the reputation of a first-rate musical country. Born at Kreutzberg, in Thuringia, on the 15th of Feb., 1571, he died on the 15th of Feb., 1621 (his birthday), at Wolfenbuettel, 50 years of age. He was Chapelmaster to the Duke of Brunswick, and Court-composer, also appointed secretary of his privy council, and was Prior to the Cloister of the Order of Benedict, at Ringelheim, near Goslar. The greatest work ever written on music, and which will remain for all ages as a remarkable monument in the history of music, and through which he already earned during his lifetime a far-famed name, is his *Syntagma Musicum*, which was published, in 1614 and 1618, in three volumes, 4to, at Wittenberg and Wolfenbuettel. The first vol. in Latin, and the second and third vols. in the German language. No writer on the art of music and its history can dispense with it, and as this extraordinary work and its contents are not generally known, a description of them may be welcome to the student and amateur of music. The first vol. consists of two parts, of which the first is again divided into four chapters; and the second part into two principal chapters:—

First Part.—The first chapter contains all that is necessary with regard to Psalmody. The second chapter treats on Liturgy. The third chapter treats on the Christian Church, and of all known Church songs up to the author's time. The fourth chapter informs us of the Rites of the Levitical Divine Service by the Jews. The fifth chapter instructs us in the Ancient Secular Music, their celebrated Masters, and Writers on Music; their Harmony and Melody, the effect produced generally by Music, and the various modes in which use is made of this Art. The sixth chapter describes the Flutes, Citharas (Zither), Lyras, and other instruments of the Ancient Greeks, and all other known instruments up to the time of the author.

The second volume gives a complete analysis on Organography, and also contains a great number of drawings of various instruments. The third volume contains explanations on Italian, French, and English songs; of Musical Notation, Modes, Transposition; the Mathematical Measurement with regard to Musical Instruments; on Thorough-bass, the Art of Singing, and how to Arrange a Vocal and Instrumental Concert. This volume contains, also, a complete catalogue of his compositions, which are numerous. Twenty-five large collections have been published. With the exception of one they are all vocal—viz., *Masses, Motets, Church-songs, Te Deums*, for one up to twenty-four parts, therefore for six choruses. Some of his Chorales are still to be found in choral books. Kuhnau, in his Choral book, gives some in their original purity—viz., *Ich danke dir, o Gott; O aller hochster Menschenhüter, und Ich danke dir schon durch deinen Sohn*.

There is a posthumous work by Prætorius, called, *On the Revision of Organs*. Gerber, in his *New Encyclopedia of Musical Artists and Authors*, gives also a complete catalogue of his works. In the Church of Wol-

fenbuettel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, his portrait is hung up, with the following inscription:—

"Michael Prætorius cœnobii Ringelheimensis Prior, in aula Ducum Brunsv. ac Luneb. quæ Wolferbyti est, Chori Musici Magister, quæ et alibi Capellarum Electoralium, Ducalium Director ac Ephorus. Sacre Musices Adsertor, Decus Columnæ."

The *Syntagma Musicum* is becoming rather scarce, notwithstanding there are several editions of it; but those who know this extraordinary work and possess it will not readily part with it, considering it as a musical treasure. I should have wished to recommend to those who feel interested in the work, the Reading-Room of the British Museum, but feel sorry to inform them, notwithstanding the million of books the institution possesses, that this celebrated work, the *Syntagma Musicum*, is not to be found in the catalogue; a sign that the literature on music is indifferently represented, considering the love and study of the musical art has become a "household word" in England.

March, 1870.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

As I see nothing of your regular correspondent in this week's *World*, and presuming that he might be absent or otherwise prevented from writing, I send you a few musical scraps which will perhaps interest some of your readers. First, let me tell you of the inauguration of a new organ, specially built for the private residence of an English gentleman, at the cost, I am told, of "eighty thousand francs." Alexandre Guilmant, who was the organist on this occasion, gained the hearty applause of the audience which crowded the fine hall of "Cavaillé-Coll," the builder of this superb workmanship. I enclose you the programme of the *séance* as it was styled, but I must particularly mention "Fantaisie en la mineur" (Lemmens), "Prelude, thème et Finale" (Guilmant), and a *duo* for pianoforte and organ, "Marche funèbre et chant seraphique," by the same composer. The pianoforte part was finely played by Mr. Widor, the newly appointed organist of St. Sulpice. Now, to something else. Have you ever attended one of *Vieuxtemps' Friday Evenings*? if not, do so on the next occasion you visit Paris; I am certain you will be heartily received by Mdle. Vieuxtemps, who does the *honneurs* of these receptions with much grace and amiability. Besides meeting there a host of *gens de lettres*, artists of the best class, and last but not least, as you somewhere said, beautifully attired ladies of high position, you may listen to a string quartet by some of the standing great masters, in what way played I need not say, the host being the leader; or a sonata for violin and piano, in which Schullhcf or some other pianist, always at hand, takes part; a song of Schubert or Mendelssohn, on the last occasion introduced by Herr Reichardt, &c., &c.

A great hit has been made by a young *débütante*, Mdle. Priola, at the Opéra-Comique, as Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo*. Her voice is a clear, high soprano, extremely flexible, and of a very agreeable quality. I am sure she will become a great favourite at the Salle Favart. As for concerts I will not trouble you with them, as they are legion; still, I must mention one or two. At the Salle Herz, Mdle. Nilsson gave her *concerts* for a charity concert, which was crowded. About her singing your admirable pen has often bestowed such lines of well merited praise, that I must abstain from referring upon it, but I must tell you what she did on this occasion, besides her superb rendering of four pieces set down on the programme. After the first part, *l'enfant gâté* went round the audience to ask money for the poor, and with such grace did she her business, that the sum she gathered was a very considerable one I am told—something like 10,000 francs.

Notre ami Vivier will have his concert on the 10th of next month, at the Salle Erard, for which, I heard, all tickets are gone—*tant mieux!* Then there are other concerts for which tickets are also gone a week before they take place, but in a different way; for instance, a gentleman presents himself to Mr. G. "Monsieur," says the stranger, "I wish to give a concert."—"Well," says G., "I am your man."—"Stranger: "Yes, but how much will it cost me?"—"Answer: "250 francs."—"In all?" says Stranger.—"In all," replies G.—"But I have no artists to assist me?"—"Je m'en charge," says G.—"And I don't know anyone here, and I wish very much to have a concert room?"—"Je m'en charge, encore," says G.—"What! artist, public, and only 250 francs?" says the astonished man; "here is the money, the titles of my pieces. At what time must I be in the concert room?"—"At 9 will do." And off goes the newly-arrived artist, who is no more to be seen until 9 o'clock on the evening of his concert, when he finds a crowded room and receives salves of applause for his playing on a new instrument, the name of which escapes my memory just now.—Adieu, *A bientôt!*

Paris, March 20, 1870.

WARSAW.—Mad. Artôt-Padilla made her first appearance, this season, in M. Gounod's *Faust*. The house was crammed. The fair artist was to remain until the 15th inst.

* Sketches of Composers and Musical Writers of the Earlier Centuries.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.

Bach's *Passion* (according to St. Matthew) was given in Exeter Hall on Wednesday week, by the directors of the Oratorio Concerts, in whose prospectus it held a position even more important than that of Beethoven's Second Mass. Much surprise has naturally been expressed at the neglect of this work by English concert-givers. There are, however, cogent reasons for such neglect apart from the question of merits or demerits. In the first place, the music was written at least a hundred and forty years ago (it was performed in 1729), and public taste has so far advanced since then that scarcely a piece of contemporary work survives out of the libraries of the curious. Next, Handel has occupied much the same ground as Bach, under conditions more favourable to success. The *Messiah* was written for the concert-room, with a view to musical effect. This object was studied in the construction of the libretto, and in the treatment of the subjects as they arose. Hence, Handel being what he was, the amazing popularity of the "sacred oratorio." Whether, under like conditions, Bach could have produced a like result, is a question we are not to discuss here. The important fact is that Bach wrote for circumstances altogether different. We need not point out the distinction between a "Passion" and an oratorio. The musical reader knows well enough that the former was for the church, and not, like the latter, for the concert-hall. It was the original recital of the sufferings of Christ, aided, as an after-thought, by the effect of music. The conditions of a recital were, however, still enforced to a large extent. Hence the preponderance of recitative, and the absence of largely developed movements such as are found in the *Messiah*. Putting these two things together—the antiquated style of the music, and the rivalry of Handel's masterpiece—we are at no loss to account for the neglect into which Bach's *Passion* has fallen. Moreover, we have no hesitation in saying that this neglect is likely to continue. The prospect may be regrettable; but the reasons are intelligible. Having said this in explanation, let us do justice to the great old Leipzig Cantor. The design of the *Matthew Passion* shows Bach in the character of an original worker. Its conception may be credited to Solomon Deyling; but the musician elaborated, in his own way, the crude idea of the divine. None save Bach at that time (not even Handel, whose genius ripened later) would have thought of the gigantic machinery we here see employed—of the two orchestras and organs, with their respective choirs, and of the great chorus of the people ever and anon breaking the continuity of the story with the hymns of their church. The plan is Titanic, and only to be equalled by that of *Israel in Egypt*, or, to go far away for a parallel, one of Meyerbeer's operas. To write at just length about the happy manner in which Bach did his work would take up all our space. It must, however, be remarked that an adequate conception of the *Passion* can only exist where there is some knowledge of the composer's character. In the absence of such knowledge the mistake might be made of believing that Bach failed to do all that was possible with the grand situations of his story. No mistake of the kind can be made in view of actual facts. Bach's was an eminently religious nature, and he approached the *Passion* with as much reverence as he would have drawn near to the person of Jesus. He saw but a single duty before him, and that was not to exhibit his own genius, nor to use a sacred narrative as a means of musical display, but to employ art as an incentive to religious emotion and an enforcer of religious lessons. Hence the stern repression of self which we cannot but feel the composer to have exerted when dealing with the sacred story, and which enabled him to give such natural and unaffected expression to its various parts. The incidental choruses forcibly illustrate this. They might have been made, as music, much more effective than they are, but their length—

"Is limited" (we quote Mr. G. A. Macfarren) "by dramatic propriety, and never exceeds what may well be supposed to be the duration of the embodied action; and where the words are reiterated in such extension, it is for the sake of increasing the vitality of the scene rather than for that of completing the musical idea."

Here we have the reason why only three choruses can lay claim to elaboration, and why those are extra-biblical, standing apart, from the current of the narrative. We dare not enter upon a criticism of the

Passion music in detail. It would carry us beyond all reasonable limit; and even then leave much to be said. Let it suffice if we direct attention to the expressive melodies with which the work abounds—melodies as natural as they are expressive, and therefore standing almost alone in regard to contemporary productions. Nothing shows the genius of Bach more clearly than the character of his themes. A hundred illustrations might be taken from the *Passion* alone, which go to prove that the old master was as far ahead of his time in melodic invention as in contrapuntal device.

"It is not a quality," says Forkel, "but rather a consequence of its qualities, that Bach's melody never grows old. It remains 'ever fair and young,' like Nature, from which it is derived. Everything that Bach mixed in his earlier works, conformably to the prevailing taste of his time, is now antiquated; but where, as in his later works, he has developed his melodies from the internal source of the art itself, without any regard to the dictates of fashion, all is as fresh and new as if it had been produced but yesterday."

This is said with a biographer's partiality for his hero, allowing for which, nothing remains but truth.

The performance of the *Passion* was, generally, very good; all the more, therefore, was its mutilation regrettable. Mr. Barnby "cut" largely, and with an impartial hand. He took away from the chorales, from the reflective airs, and from the Scriptural narrative; not seldom excising that which could ill be spared. He was moved to do so, no doubt by a conviction of necessity; none the less, however, was it uncomplimentary to assume that the audience attracted by such a work could not sit it out from beginning to end. Apart from this drawback, every thing was satisfactory. The choir had been well trained, and sang, with equal confidence and precision, music requiring both qualities in no ordinary degree. An encore followed the mighty chorus, "Have lightnings and thunders;" a like compliment being fairly earned by the delivery of the beautiful and touching *finale*, "In tears of grief." The chorales were particularly well given, and not less well received. M^{rs}. Rudersdorf, M^{rs}. Drasil, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas did justice to their respective parts—a special word of praise being deserved by the gentlemen for a careful and efficient delivery of the abounding recitatives; and Mr. Barnby helped largely to success by his watchful conducting, as he had previously done in a still greater degree by zealous superintendence of long and earnest preparation. The *Passion* is announced for performance during each successive season. It may be, therefore, Mr. Barnby will eventually increase the obligation under which he has laid his public by giving the music entire.

FROM MADRID.

A conversation which I held the other day with a party of English travellers on the Spanish frontier confirmed me in an opinion which I had long entertained—that our countrymen when they cross the Channel for the purpose of amusement run after every object indicated by the perennial *Murray*, but entirely overlook the people. Though they know no more of architecture than your humble servant, and never have taken the trouble to enter Westminster Abbey, they consider themselves morally bound to see certain cathedrals at the hour most convenient to themselves, however their aesthetic proclivities may interfere with the feelings of the devout when they walk jauntily between the worshipper and the object of veneration; and they will go miles out of their way to behold an alterpiece for the contemplation of which they would grudge a threepenny omnibus fare if it were exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. Their pleasure, indeed, seems rather of an arithmetical kind, based on a stern resolution to view the largest possible number of objects in the shortest possible time. I may be right or I may be wrong, but it is my conviction that to exhaust a great city thoroughly, to observe those habits of men that are totally different from our own, is a process far more instructive than a feverish search after an infinity of things inanimate. I come to Spain to learn something about Spaniards, and I bear in mind the assertion of Schiller—that man is never in earnest except when he plays. Having no personal knowledge of any Spaniard, I will look at the people through their amusements.

On Friday, the 1st inst., I arrived at Madrid, and the first objects which met my view were a programme of a bull-fight that was to be held on the following Sunday, and an announcement that on that very evening, at the Teatro de los Variedades (Théâtre des Variétés), something would be performed entitled *Los Siete Dolores de María*—in English, *The Seven Sorrows of the Virgin Mary*. Here, at any rate, was something out of the common. Was the performance to consist of a play or a moving picture? At half-past eight—the time when plays generally begin at Madrid—I betook myself to

the Teatro de los Variedades, and on paying the price of admission found myself encumbered with a formidable collection of mysterious documents. On inquiry I learned that these entitled me to remain in the theatre for the entire evening, inasmuch as I was a magnificent person, who had paid my 8 reals (2 francs) for the best place, whereas the more economical patrons of the theological drama contented themselves with a portion of the performance. The "half-price" familiar in London when I was a juvenile has long vanished; but in Madrid they have a "quarter price," with a tariff corresponding to the division; and at the end of every act a boxkeeper took away one of my documents as a voucher for value received. Was the performance to consist of a play or a moving picture? A play most decidedly. Without any great show, or any violent efforts at sensation, the life of the Redeemer, from His presentation in the Temple to His descent from the Cross, was dramatically represented before a body of persons who evidently regarded the whole affair as a matter of course. We hear of a representation of the Passion that occurs once in three years in Southern Germany, and we read of the Coventry and Chester Mysteries; but in these we have cases of grand exceptional exhibitions. The remarkable peculiarity in the Madrid mystery is that there is nothing solemn about it. On a Friday in Lent a dramatized version of the New Testament is as much in place as a pantomime on Boxing-day in our capital; only, let me add, that whereas the pantomime creates an excitement, the sacred history is contemplated with the sort of respectful indifference that would signalize the revival of a standard comedy. The theatre is neither empty nor very full, and looks very much as the theatre in Tottenham Street looked before it was polished by Miss Marie Wilton into the Prince of Wales's, and animated with the genius of Mr. T. W. Robertson. Babies are brought by their mothers; the spectators generally are of a humble class, and if a gentleman wishes to make a remark to his neighbour he is not in the least deterred by the representation of the awful event on Calvary. How was this monstrous piece performed? The question cannot be answered till all English notions are violently thrust aside. In London such a performance would be a simple abomination; in Paris it would only be tolerated from a morbid love of wickedness; but in Madrid one feels that it accords with the sympathies of the multitude, and I may venture to affirm that the lawful subject is treated with great modesty and refinement. The resources of the theatre are evidently limited; there is no luxury in the way of decoration, but the manager has learned the use of the lime-light, and I can scarcely conceive a more effective *tableau* than that which was presented to the spectators when the curtain rose for the fourth act and discovered the Redeemer crucified between the two thieves.

I do not suppose that the actors at this little Teatro de los Variedades are to be taken as specimens of histrionic art; but, as far as I am able to judge, they play with good emphasis and discretion, articulating with exceeding distinctness. The Virgin, the Redeemer, the Magdalen, and Pontius Pilate are marked characters; and still more conspicuous is the penitent Thief, who in the early part of the story appears as the protector of the Holy Family during their sojourn in Egypt. I have left my *Thilo* and my *Tischendorf* at home; but, unless my memory greatly misguides me, this early appearance of the Thief in the sacred history is derived from one of the apocryphal Gospels; and I think I may say the same of the miraculous preservation of Mary and Joseph by the descent of a branch of a tree, which conceals them from their pursuers. The *Protevangelium*, the *Book of Infancy*, the *Book of Mary*, and other apocryphal works of this kind, had an enormous influence on the popular Christianity of the Middle Ages, and in Madrid the nineteenth century is still medieval. The conventional manner of representing the three "Kings" or wise men, the ox and the ass at the Nativity, the assumption that Joseph is an old man (which, by the way, I do not find on the Spanish stage), are all derived from the apocryphal Gospels. N. D.

Madrid, April 2.

KONIGSBERG.—"What is one man's meat is another man's poison" is rather a homely, not to say vulgar, proverb, but it is very true for all that, and its truth has been strikingly exemplified, within the last week or two, by the worthy burghers of this celebrated old town. While the Viennese and Berliners receive *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* in anything but a flattering manner, the good people here consider it such a masterpiece that three performances in one week were necessary to satisfy their "Wagnerian cravings." To repeat the sentiment—only in a different form—with which the paragraph commenced—*De gustibus non est, etc.*

AN EPISODE OF "DIE MEISTERSINGER."—At the conclusion of the first act, on the night of the production of the above opera at Berlin, a well-known admirer of the Lucerne anchorite rushed wildly along one of the corridors towards the door of the theatre. "Where are you off to, in such a hurry?"—asked a friend whom he ran against, and nearly knocked down. "Oh! I'm off to the Telegraph Office, to inform the *Maestro* what a colossal triumph he has achieved. What a nuisance that it will take me so long to write out the message that I shall lose a good bit of the splendid second act."—"How's that?" replied his friend. "Don't you always have your description of the first night's performance of one of Wagner's operas ready cut and dried beforehand?"

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The final concert of the season took place on Monday night, and was given, as usual, for the benefit of the director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, on whose account, as much, we hope, as on account of the programme, a very large audience assembled. Quite apart, however, from the director and the special attractions of his closing performance, there would, we opine, have been a good attendance. The Monday Popular Concerts have created—and for twelve years have educated a special public—a public not sufficiently educated, perhaps, because too often "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," yet having taste enough to value the good things set before them, and to part from them with regret. This personal following of classical chamber music could, in any case, be depended upon for crowding the hall on the last night of the season.

Mr. Chappell's programme—one of unusual length—was evidently drawn up to please those who like variety. Hence it contained but two important works; the rest were short pieces of no particular consequence, though sufficiently interesting in their way. Giving precedence to the former, we must speak first of Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat, for strings, which, played only a week after a similar work by the same composer, enabled the audience to judge between his Op. 18 and Op. 87. We question if preference was given to the riper composition. That it is in all respects a more masterly thing, few will dispute; but Mendelssohn in his seventeenth year could, as the A major quintet shows, pour out a stream of fresh and delicious melody which more than atoned for want of ripeness in other respects. Every movement of the work played on Monday night was received with favour, the *adagio* especially; but the audience did not hang upon each phrase as when the youthful Mendelssohn spoke. We need not say how the quintet was played by artists such as MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti. The second of the important features to which we have referred—Bach's triple concerto in C major for three pianos, with quintet accompaniment of strings—will be remembered as having been played at Mr. Chappell's benefit two years ago. The work is attractive more as a curiosity than as anything else. Its great ingenuity and skill must be apparent to all, but it conveys no ideas whatever beyond. It begins, we know not why, and ends, we know not wherefore, the beginning and the end being connected by a series of utterances which, though they fall pleasantly on the ear, express nothing. Nevertheless the concerto has a right to be heard. It is a great thing in its way, and a worthy representative of a style of composition which has gone out of vogue for ever. The three pianists were Madame Schumann, Mr. Charles Hallé, and Herr Pauer, and the quintet was led by Herr Joachim. First among the comparative trifles came a *chorale* with variations for organ, by Henry Smart. Of its merits we could not judge, through no fault of the organist, Master Charles Le Jeune. An obstinate pedal pipe persisted in booming from beginning to end, and the combination was distressing. The audience, however, gave the youthful performer another chance, and the pedal pipe was discreetly silent through a capital rendering of "O! ruddier than the cherry." Mr. Charles Hallé played three movements from Scarlatti's *Harpsichord Lessons* in his usual style; and was followed by Signor Piatti, who gave Mendelssohn's romance in D (posthumous). Chopin's *Scherzo* in B flat minor (Op. 31) was played by Madame Schumann in a manner more than vigorous for music of such small calibre. Herr Joachim began the second part with the recitative and *adagio* from Spohr's concerto in G minor. How the great violinist acquitted himself may be imagined; as may the rendering of Beethoven's variations on "See the conquering hero comes," by Signor Piatti and Herr Pauer.

The vocalist was Miss Edith Wynne, who sang, in her own charming way, Cherubini's "Ave Maria" (clarinet *obligato*, Mr. Lazarus), Benedict's "Maiden's dream," and Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute."

PRAGUE.—An interesting concert was given lately by the pupils of the Conservatory, who performed, among other works, the *Suite* in C minor by Herr Franz Lachner, General Musical Director, who himself conducted.

MANNHEIM.—Herr Eduard Markte, Professor in the Rhenish School of Music, Cologne, has completed a two-act lyrical opera, *Lisa, oder die Sprache des Herzens*, which will shortly be produced at the Grand-Ducal Theatre here.

LEYDEN.—A grand Musical Festival will be held here on the 2nd and 3rd June, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; J. S. Bach's second *Suite*; Handel's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day"; and the "Adventlied," by Schumann, will be among the works performed.

COLOGNE.—The members of the Männergesangverein lately gave a performance of Kreutzer's *Nachtlager in Granada*, at the Thalia Theatre. It was a great success, the choruses, of course, being given with a degree of correctness and power not always met with when the singers are "professionals."

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

The 132nd anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain took place last Saturday at the Freemasons' Tavern. The chair was taken by his Royal Highness Prince Christian, K.G., who was supported by the Earl of Dudley, president of the Royal Academy of Music; Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart.; Theodore Martin, Esq.; T. T. Bernard, Esq., director of the Royal Academy of Music; Mr. Sargeant Sargood; J. C. Stevenson, Esq., M.P.; Prof. W. S. Bennett; Sir Henry Thompson; Dr. Sellé; A. S. Sullivan, Esq.; G. F. Anderson, Esq., hon. treasurer; W. G. Cousins, Esq., master of the music to her Majesty; C. S. Gruneisen, Esq.; J. T. Willy, Esq.; Henry Lazarus, Esq.; Charles Coote, Esq.; H. C. Lunn, Esq.; Henry Kirkman, Esq.; G. W. Martin, Esq.; J. Coward, Esq.; Sig. Ferrari; J. B. Jewson, Esq.; Lamborn Cock, Esq., and 150 other Esquires. On the removal of the cloth the usual loyal toasts were duly honoured, and, in response to "The Army, Navy, and Volunteers," Sir John Pakington referred, amid loud cheers, to the part he had taken in connection with the threatened Festival of the Three Choirs. The right honourable baronet said that it gave him much pleasure to announce that opposition to that Festival had ceased, an announcement, which we need hardly observe, elicited renewed applause. In proposing the toast of the evening—"Prosperity to the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain"—Prince Christian made an earnest appeal on behalf of the charity, which ought to have had, and doubtless did have, an effect on the subscription list read at a later period. From the balance-sheet we gather that the receipts for the past year amounted to £3,490 15s. 7d., and the expenditure to £2,847 2s. 1d., the difference having been invested in stock. The society is, therefore, in a flourishing condition. The musical arrangements (always an important feature at this festival) were ably superintended by Mr. James Coward, who was assisted by Mesdames Blanche Reeves, Jewel, Ferrari, Severn, Messrs. Byron, Patey, De Kontski, Svendsen, Lazarus, &c. A number of ladies were in the gallery—the floor being as yet forbidden to them. Why musicians should deny to the fair sex privileges accorded by actors, we know not.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Handel's *Solomon* was performed in Exeter Hall, on Friday, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, who gave it with Sir Michael Costa's recently added accompaniments. We shall not accept this latest challenge to a discussion of the propriety of "additional accompaniments." The thing itself has been submitted to, more or less quietly, from Mozart's time down to the present, and the fact is that Handel unadapted is now Handel unrepresentable. We have only, then, in dealing with the improvers of the old master, to act upon the degree of respect they show him. With regard to *Solomon*, Sir Michael Costa is thus far blameless. Throughout he is unobtrusive, and in many of the airs, notably in "See the tall palm," his wind parts are distinguished by beauty as well as good taste. The oratorio was largely denuded of wearisome recitatives and airs; yet much was retained that could well have been spared—the business of the "judgment," for example, wherein music of the least value is allied to utterly worthless verses. It cannot be necessary to say either that the grand choruses were all splendidly given, or that they made ample atonement for shortcomings elsewhere. "May no rash intruder" was encored, and each of the series preceding and following that masterpiece of art gave the utmost satisfaction. The solos were delivered with more or less efficiency by Mesdames Wynne, Vinta, and Patey; Messrs. Rigby and Lewis Thomas. Sir Michael Costa conducted, as he only can conduct large masses of performers, vocal and instrumental.

MUNICH.—Herr Nachbaur has had the Gold Medal for Art and Science conferred on him by the Grand Duke of Hesse.

MAGDEBURG.—Herr Ehrlich's opera, *König Georg*, is announced for production very shortly.

St. PETERSBURGH.—The programme for the next Italian operatic season has just been issued. The following artists are announced:—A. Patti, Volpini, Mario Sass, Biancolini, Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, Perelli, and Dal-Anese; Calzolari, Mongini, A. and J. Corsi, and Rossi; Graziani, Steller, and Everardi; Bagagioli, Capponi, Zucchini, Fortuna, and Boccolini; conductor, Sig. Vianesi.

Moscow.—Great activity reigns at present in musical circles here, and hardly a day passes without a good concert being given. The programme of the last concert of the Russian Musical Society comprised: Fragments from the symphony, *Roméo et Juliette*, Berlioz; choruses from *Israel in Egypt*, Handel; the Thirty-Second Psalm, Marcelllo; Piano-forte-Concerto in G minor, Moscheles; Russian songs, Dargomyzhky; and the "Jubel-Overture," C. M. von Weber. The last concert of the Society this season was announced for the 2nd inst., when among the pieces to be performed were R. Schumann's *Paradies und die Peri*, and Herr R. Wagner's *Walkyrenritt*.

PROVINCIAL.

STROUD.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The *Messiah* was given by the New Choral Society (March 24th), before a large audience. The vocalists were Mesdames Lancia and Laura Baxter; Messrs. Alfred Bayley and Brandon. There was a competent band and chorus. Mr. Edward Bond conducted."

TEWKESBURY.—In *Berrowes' Worcester Journal* we read that:—

"The last of the Choral Society's concerts was given at the Music Hall on Monday evening, April 4th, and was numerously attended. The performance consisted of a selection of sacred music from the works of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. The band, under the leadership of Herr Hauptmann, consisted of Messrs. Diaper, Watson, Mather, Yarnall, Matty, Sekell, Fowler, Hyett, Allcock, and Rushing; and the principal vocalists were Mrs. Corson (Gloucester) and Mrs. F. G. Home, the Misses Rice, Chandler, Watson, Marsh, and White, and Messrs. Home, Newman, Creese, and Mayall; numbering with the chorus about 70 performers. The proceeds of the concert were for the benefit of the conductor, Mr. Hornblow, who deserved the compliment for the care and attention he has bestowed on the society since its formation."

SALISBURY.—We read as follows in the *Salisbury Journal* of April 9th:—

"On Tuesday evening the Sarum Choral Society gave its first subscription concert for the present year, when Handel's *Messiah* was performed. The choruses showed that there had been a good deal of careful preparation. Among the solo vocalists was Mdlle. Vinta, who possesses those three great requisites for a singer—a beautiful voice, a well-studied delivery, and an agreeable presence. Miss Severn, who sang the contralto music, was heard at her best in 'He was despised.' Mr. Hunt, of the Chapel Royal, Windsor, sang the tenor songs. Mr. Hilton, who sang the bass solos, has lately joined the Cathedral Choir. Altogether, Mr. Read, the new conductor, may be congratulated upon this his second concert. The general arrangements were carried out by Mr. T. E. Darkh, hon. secretary of the society."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Thursday week Mr. Henry Leslie gave a concert of sacred music in St. James's Hall, with Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Poole, and Mr. George Perren as chief vocalists. The programme consisted mostly of old favourites, such as Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God," and "Hear my prayer," Mozart's "Ave Verum," Schubert's 23rd Psalm, and Wesley's "In Exitu." We have so often had to use terms of highest praise with regard to the manner in which these works are presented by Mr. Leslie that another expression of opinion is needless. Enough that everything was as well done as usual; and, as much as usual, enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience.

On Thursday week Miss Agnes Zimmermann gave an evening concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, to a "full house." The programme was drawn on the Monday Popular model, and began with Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat for piano and violoncello. This favourite work was admirably played by Miss Zimmermann and Signor Piatti, who, it need hardly be said, obtained much applause. With these two artists were associated Mr. Henry Holmes in Beethoven's trio for piano and strings (Op. 97). The concert-giver played, as her solo, Schubert's popular sonata in A minor, and took part with Madame Schumann in Schumann's *Andante* and variations for two pianos. After both efforts she was recalled. Mr. Henry Holmes played Bach's *Fuga Allegro* in G minor with capital effect. The vocalist was Mr. Cummings, who sang Mozart's "Costanza," and two of Miss Zimmermann's songs, in his own excellent way. An attempt was made to encore "Love, I may not tarry here."

On Friday week Herr Coenen gave the second of his chamber concerts of modern music in the Hanover Square Rooms, assisted by Herr Reinecke, M. Wiener, Herr F. Ries, Signor Zerbini, and M. Daubert, with Miss Julia Elton, as vocalist. The following was the programme:—Sonata, No. 2 (Op. 121), Schumann—Messrs. Coenen and Wiener. Songs: "Connaiss-tu" (*Mignon*), A. Thomas; "O rondinella," F. Ricci—Miss Julia Elton. Quartet, in B flat, (Op. 22), Franz Ries—Messrs. Franz Ries, Wiener, Zerbini, and Daubert. Songs: "The Weaver," K. L. Ward; "O fair dove, O fond dove," Sullivan—Miss Julia Elton. Quintet, in A (Op. 83), Carl Reinecke—Messrs. Coenen, Wiener, Franz Ries, Zerbini, and Daubert.

THE death is announced, at Berlin, of Herr Cesten, a pianist and composer for the piano of some note.

MAYENCE.—*L'Africaine* has been most successfully produced at the Stadttheater.

THE success of *Lohengrin* at Brussels naturally elated Herr Wagner, and he has addressed what *Le Ménestrel* calls a "proclamation," to Herr Hans Richter, beginning in a fashion which reminds us of a Napoleonic "order of the day after victory"—(See "Occasional Notes.")

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DEATH.

On April 7th, after a very short illness, ELIZABETH ASBURY FREDERICK SCHMIDT, the youngest and dearly beloved daughter of W. H. HOLMES, Esq., of Beaumont Square.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

THE LAST OF LORD DUDLEY.

PROBABLY many of our readers would have been glad to see this heading before, and will now give it a hearty welcome. The probability has all along been present with us, but there was no chance of acting upon it. Lord Dudley, with his 10,000 sovereigns, his dislike to oratorios in church, and his reverence for holy stones, may together make up a tiresome subject; but the existence of our oldest musical Festival was at stake, and we were bound to concern ourselves with matters in the abstract neither interesting nor important.

Happily, the whole business has now ended, if we may believe what Sir John Pakington is reported to have said at the dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians. That staunch defender of the Festivals—who ought for the future to quarter his arms with those of St. Cecilia—had gone down to Worcester on the previous day, and presented a memorial to the Dean and Chapter, the result of which was his ability to state that the Festivals were out of danger. Assuming the speech of the right hon. baronet to be correctly reported, we may now sing psalms, and organize a triumph wherein Sir John shall wear the laurel, and drag Lord Dudley at his chariot wheels. Poor Lord Dudley!—we cannot but feel something like pity for him. It is not his fault that he is a rich man; nor is it unnatural that he should trust in riches, seeing how English society grovels in the dust before the Calf of Gold. He got hold of a whim, and, with the instinct of wealth, laid hands upon his cheque-book as the sure and speedy means of indulging it. But there is nothing sure in this unstable world, and Lord Dudley's cheque-book failed for once. We can dimly fancy the wealthy earl's perplexity, and can picture him dashing those miserable failures, the 10,000 sovereigns, into a corner, or sending them to Mr. Lowe on behalf of the National Debt.

When next Lord Dudley reads *Robinson Crusoe* he will be ready to sympathize with the contempt of the lonely castaway for the "shining dust," which could do less for him than a rusty nail. But such tribulation burns the dross out of a man, and Lord Dudley may emerge from it purified and exalted. We can imagine him still glowing with zeal for the Lord's house, and no longer fighting with carnal weapons, but—like another Peter the Hermit—preaching, in every town and village of the Midland Counties, a moral-force crusade on behalf of the Holy places.

One other matter, and we have done. Lord Dudley has hinted

at the law, as a deterrent against the Festivals, and has published a very illogical and absurd "opinion" purporting to come from Sir R. Phillimore. We have already dealt with this so-called "opinion;" but, to complete the case, we must now reprint a letter, addressed to the *Worcester Journal*, by Sir John Pakington. The worthy baronet writes as follows:—

"Sir,—Lord Dudley's recent letters oblige me again to request you to allow me some space in your columns; but I wish, in the first place, to endeavour to correct the erroneous impressions which may have been made on some persons by Sir R. Phillimore's opinion as to the legality of holding a musical Festival in the Cathedral.

"It may appear presumptuous in a civilian to dispute the judgment of so able an ecclesiastical lawyer as Sir R. Phillimore, but it seems to me impossible to read that opinion without feeling that it was a somewhat hasty decision, and not very carefully written.

"I venture to submit that not only is it opposed to long established usage, sanctioned by successive Deans and Chapters, and by successive Bishops, for a century and a half—not only is it, in fact, limited to proving what no one, so far as I am aware, has ever called in question—but I think I can show that in attempting more, it is inconsistent both with various recognized customs in the affairs of our national Church, and with existing, clear, recently enacted law.

"The opinion, when stripped of the usual circumlocution, seems to me to amount only to this:—

"1. That no services other than those contained in the Prayer-book, together with sermon, &c., can lawfully be performed in any consecrated church.

"2. That it would not be lawful for the Dean and Chapter to exclude any one in the diocese from attending Divine service in the Cathedral, nor to demand payment of money as a condition of entering the Cathedral for that purpose.

"Now, Sir, I repeat that I never heard of anyone who would dispute either of these two propositions.

"I will not seriously refer to Sir R. Phillimore's suggestion—I presume only offered in the absence of better arguments—that neither *Samson Agonistes* nor *Hannah More's David* ought to be acted in a consecrated church.

"I proceed to the fact that Sir R. Phillimore does not bring a shadow of an authority to prove that a church may not legally be used for other purposes than Divine service.

"It is notorious, on the contrary, that the Chancellor, a lay officer, holds his court in the Cathedral, and in other churches, as well as visitations for swearing-in church-wardens, and at other times that the Proctors for Convocation are elected in churches, and that vestry meetings may legally be held in the church of any parish where the population is less than 2000.

"But I wish more especially to refer to the Act 13 and 14 Vic., ch. 57, passed in 1850, and which must, I presume, have escaped Sir R. Phillimore's recollection. It is entitled 'An Act to prevent the holding of vestry or other meetings in churches, &c., &c. And in the second section it is enacted that no meeting 'for the purpose of holding a vestry, or for any other purpose than that of Divine worship, or some ecclesiastical or charitable object, or some other purpose approved by the Bishop of the Diocese, shall be holden in any parish church or chapel, or other consecrated church or chapel, nor in the chancel thereof,' &c.

"It may, perhaps, be said that this Act was passed with reference to crowded vestry meetings in populous parishes; but I submit that it cannot reasonably be denied that the reservations, so carefully guarded in the second section, must be held to govern and define the law with respect to what may or may not be done in all consecrated buildings.

"Indeed, one is tempted almost to believe that Parliament, in passing this Act, must have had regard to our Musical Festivals, and must have desired to declare their perfect legality!"

Surely no comment is needed on the above. The baronet has encountered the lawyer as well as the lord, and overthrown each on his own ground. We congratulate him, and, with him, all lovers of the Festival, who now know that on their side is not only the religion that "visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction," but also the law which, to so many, is a sanction higher still.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A REMARKABLE gentleman with a disposition to write upon musical matters (about which he is generally in a muddle) sometimes helps to make up the ha'porth of news called *The Echo*. He contributed an article last Monday headed "English Music

and Musicians," which may be accounted his *chef d'œuvre*. We defy him, even in his most inspired moments, to beat the following:—"M. Thalberg is a pianist who, although for many reasons inferior to Madame S. Dolby in oratorio, in his own line has never been surpassed."

School-boys are sometimes puzzled when asked what would be the product of multiplying seven oxen by ten sheep; but the *Echo* writer has suggested a greater difficulty. What must be the mental condition of a man who compares M. Thalberg with Madame Sainton-Dolby!

"AFTER an intermission of 1,800 years, Laugmie has lately reopened the Pompeii Theatre with *The Child of the Regiment*. He solicits the continuance of the patronage bestowed upon his predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and promises to equal the efforts of that eminent manager." We are not informed whether M. Laugmie heads his bills, VESUVIO VOLANTE.

THE managers of the Paris theatres are about to form themselves into a defence society. The deed has been drawn up, and several adhesions have been given in. The association will have three objects:—Firstly, to assist managers temporarily in want of funds; secondly, to resist the claims of the Dramatic Authors' Society, "when tempted to abuse its power;" thirdly, to control the pretensions of certain stars, "in the habit of absorbing the greater part of the receipts." (Hear! hear!)

A GERMAN version, of Racine's *Athalie*, with Mendelssohn's music, has been performed at the Royal Operahouse, Munich, with wonderful success. It was produced by the express order of the King, who was present at the performance. Herr R. Wagner had better look to this. If his Bavarian Majesty hears much of Mendelssohn's compositions, his taste for the Music of the Future may become vitiated.

PARIS is suffering just now from a horde of epidemics. There is an epidemic of small-pox, another of bronchitis, and another of fever No. 1, and another of fever No. 2; there is, also, an epidemic of commissions, not less than twenty of which are in full blast. The twentieth is bent upon taking to pieces the present Conservatoire Impérial de Musique, and restoring it with alterations and improvements. Twenty-eight men compose the band in question; and among the twenty-eight men are Auber, Thomas, Perrin, David, Gounod, Gevaert, Gautier, Comettant, Jouvin, Poniatowski, and About. Something great ought to come from the united generative power of such men.

WRITING in *La France Musicale*, M. G. Bénédict gives a wonderful description of Herr Rubinstein at the piano. He says that Herr Rubinstein seats himself at the piano without pretension, without eccentric movements, and like an ordinary mortal. (We suppose, then, he was expected to stand on his head, or make a Catherine wheel of himself.) He begins to play delicately, says M. Bénédict, but soon a black spot shows itself on the horizon of the key-board; it augments, grows, expands, and finally becomes a storm, roaring, whistling, and growling; the piano, meanwhile, being "transformed into an instrument which has no name in musical language"—that is to say, it is no longer a piano. How if it were remarked of Herr Joachim that, in his hands, the fiddle is no longer a fiddle; or that in the hands of Signor Piatti the violoncello is no longer a violoncello? Imagine the shout of laughter certain to follow the sapient observation. Yet we do not laugh at M. Bénédict. Can it be that he spoke the truth?

IMMEDIATELY after the first performance of *Lohengrin* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, Herr Richard Wagner wrote as follows to his pupil, Herr Richter, who conducted on the occasion:—"My dear Friend—Once more have you held aloft our banner. At Munich, when *Rheingold* was produced, you did so by courageously refusing to conduct an imperfect performance; at present you have done so, by guiding safely into port my *Lohengrin*'s skiff, past reefs and difficulties of all sorts. On German soil not a voice was heard agreeing with your courageous behaviour; an incapable chief, and envious col-

leagues, impatient to obtain your place, lost no time in raising a cry of high treason, and an indolent public let them do as they chose. May the triumph achieved in the French language compensate you for your sad experience of your native land. I thank you with all my heart; and beg you will, moreover, particularly thank M. Louis Brassin, whose zeal and intelligence so admirably seconded you. Yours most cordially, RICHARD WAGNER. Lucerne, 28th March, 1870."—Hereupon the Berlin *Echo* observes:—"Immediately after the first performance of *Lohengrin*, at Brussels, R. Wagner addressed to the conductor, Herr Richter, who officiated on the occasion, one of his usual bombastic letters of thanks; and the recipient appears not to have lost an instant in publishing the defiant and inflated document, in honour (!) of himself and of its writer. It is, perhaps, no longer any use saying, compassionately, to the great Richard and his partisans: '*Si tacuisses,*' when everyone of their effusions surpasses the previous ones—in impudence. We should not, however, be astonished if, on the first opportunity, the people at Munich prove they recollect the gentle and grateful manner in which they especially are mentioned in the letter."

THE production of Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin* at Brussels has established one fact that was not generally known, namely, that the capital of Belgium numbers fewer Jews, and is freer from Jewish influence than any other capital, except St. Petersburg and Moscow, in Europe. We always thought that Brussels could boast of as fair a share of members of the Israelitish persuasion, or, perhaps, rather more, but we were wrong. The local press is almost unanimous in the favourable character of its criticisms on *Lohengrin*, and that would not be the case if the Jewish element predominated,—unless, indeed, Herr R. Wagner is not quite correct about all he says in his *Judaism in Music*. The idea however, of Herr R. Wagner's ever being mistaken is, of course, preposterous.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," April 6.)

The concert on Monday night was for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, whose long association with, and distinguished services to, Mr. Chappell's enterprise make any such compliments peculiarly fitting. Our great English pianist is noted for the zeal with which she brings forward unfamiliar compositions of merit. Few, however, know how much of this work she has done in connection with the Monday Popular Concerts. A very great majority of the pianoforte pieces marked "first time" in the long series of programmes had Madame Goddard for an executant; and this fact, to say nothing of unsurpassed ability, justifies her claim to the special consideration bestowed on this occasion. The large audience who gave Madame Goddard so hearty a welcome, not only honoured her, but themselves also, in no mean degree. Mendelssohn's quintet in A major (Op. 18), for strings, opened the concert—how gracefully, and with what effect we need not stop to describe. The lovely *andante* was heard with all the pleasure it is calculated to inspire; but the *scherzo*—an example of the fairy-like music which Mendelssohn invented—roused the audience to enthusiasm, and had to be repeated. The performance by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti, was worthy the theme; we know no higher praise. With all the remaining works, songs of course excepted, Madame Goddard had to do. She first gave Schubert's beautiful *Fantaisie-Sonata* in G major (Op. 78), one of the compositions introduced by her at these concerts. Apart from the merits of the sonata—merits we have neither time nor space adequately to discuss—the choice was a wise one. It brought out all the strong points of Madame Goddard's playing. In the first movement every gradation of tone was exhibited, from the faintest whisper to the loudest thunder of which a Broadwood "concert grand" is capable, and that with an absence of effort very remarkable. The theme of the *andante* illustrated the almost vocal qualities of the piano when in the hands of an accomplished artist; and nothing could be more delicate than Madame Goddard's rendering of the trio; while the difficulties of the *finale* were mastered with an easy confidence which most astonished those who knew them best. The audience at once recognized this finished performance as such, and twice recalled the artist with acclamation. Among them there was, or, at all events, ought to have been, a feeling that, with Arabella Goddard at

command, England need not doubt the result of any international struggle for the post of champion pianist. The second part of the concert began with Dr. Sterndale Bennett's chamber trio in A major for pianoforte and strings; which admirable work—another honour to English art—was given in consequence of its success a few weeks back. Once more the serenade made a great effect, and an attempt to encore it only met with defeat, because the ever-popular "Kreutzer" sonata of Beethoven came after. To hear the latter played for the thirtieth time at a Monday Popular Concert everybody stayed of course. Equally, of course, the executants being Madame Goddard and Herr Joachim, everybody was well rewarded for staying. We need not give any opinion about music which all amateurs know by heart. Its rendering was as near perfection as possible, and the audience responded, as only a deeply interested audience can, to every special effort on the part of each player. As was beforehand certain, the *andante cantabile* (theme, and variations) elicited the warmest tokens of approval; and the struggle for excellence—a drawn battle—between piano and violin, was watched with unflagging interest. With this performance ended a notable concert.

The vocalist was Mr. Cummings, who sang Gounod's "Medjé," and Dr. Sterndale Bennett's "Better Land," in admirable style. He was recalled after the English composer's charming song, and right well deserved the honour.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The Queen, of the 9th inst., speaking of Madame Arabella Goddard's recent benefit at the Monday Popular Concerts, has the following:—

"The staunch supporters of classical chamber composition always assemble in extraordinary numbers when the annual benefit concert of Madame Arabella Goddard comes off in St. James's Hall. The inducements to attend are strong indeed. First, it is certain there will be a powerful programme, executed by ability of the first class; and secondly, there is the popularity of the pianist herself. The evening of the 4th formed no exception to previous gatherings. The hall was filled to overflow, and what was as curious as it was interesting, the muster of celebrities—literary, scientific, and musical—was as remarkable as the array of fashion, independently of those ardent admirers densely packed behind the pianoforte platform and the upper balcony, who have derived such intellectual instruction from the now European-famed Monday Popular Concerts. The accomplished *bénéficiaire*, although her playing was confined to three pieces only, had Herculean labour. It would cramp the fingers of many public players to have to disentangle the intricacies of Schubert's *Fantaisie-Sonate* in G major, Op. 78. The work is called '*fantaisie*,' perhaps because it is fantastic enough. Its difficulties are prodigious, its complications ear-perplexing, if not developed with such singular skill as that of the lady. Composers who will write their leading themes in solid chords cannot expect that ordinary artists will be quite clear in their articulation; but to Madame Goddard the unravelling of the divers threads of intricate passages with which the sonata is interwoven, forms no difficulty. Fortunately, there is an *andante* (played to perfection), which falls on the ear like music on the waters—troubled ones of course, for there is little plain sailing with Schubert. Madame Goddard had the courage to introduce this sonata in March, 1867, and its reception caused its repetition on the 4th; but Schumann's criticism—that no one is to meddle with the last movement or try to solve its problems, who has not an imagination of his own—will suffice to show that only an execrable *hors ligne* need touch the sonata. In vivid contrast with Schubert's torrents and avalanches came a soothing serenade from Sterndale Bennett—all sunshine. This charming inspiration is embodied in a trio, in A major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; and in the middle movement the violin is played *pizzicato*, to imitate the tinkling of the guitar, whilst the lover's voice in tender strains soars above on the pianoforte, the violoncello undercurrent sustaining the harmony. The 'Kreutzer' sonata (in A, Op. 47) came as a *bonne bouche* to wind up this remarkable concert. It could have no other place, for it would have killed every other composition in the programme. Never was this sublime sonata, the *ne plus ultra* of refined as well as intense expression, interpreted with more eloquence than by Madame Goddard and Joachim. It was vocal finish and delicacy emanating from the keyboards of the piano and violin. Amateurs in Germany and France, who will soon again have the opportunity of hearing Madame Goddard, and of marking the great progress in executive skill which has characterized her career, will recognize in her the now greatest of living pianists. With her marvellous manipulation and mechanism she combines a poetry of style which is unrivalled, and what she achieves is done with the steadiness and self-possession of a true artist. There is no exaggerated action, no swaying of the body, no uplifting of the eyes or spasmodic distortion of the features; but, like the leading masters who have presided at the pianoforte, she seeks to make the composer speak to the intellect and appeal to the heart."

In an article on the same event the *Athenæum* of the same date writes as subjoined:—

"The Popular Concert on Monday was given in the name of Madame Arabella Goddard, whose annual benefit is not the least interesting event of the musical year, because, either in programme or performance, there is always something noteworthy. On the present occasion Madame Goddard played first, Schubert's so-called *Fantaisie-Sonate* in G major, one of the most beautiful, if not, as regards beauty, the absolute first of its composer's works for the piano. Imagination, taste, and no mean technical skill, are all conspicuous in it to a degree which alone would refute those, if any there be, who deny the master's genius. Madame Goddard's performance was exquisite in its true appreciation of each part, and in the mechanical completeness with which her idea of the composer's meaning was expressed. A more finished display of executive power, and of the ability to interpret a great work (qualities by no means co-existent of necessity), has rarely been made. The audience saw this, and twice recalled the artist. Madame Goddard also joined MM. Joachim and Piatti in Dr. Bennett's chamber trio, about which we had to speak a short time back, and once more played, with the first-named gentleman, Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' sonata. The latter performance was as perfect as performance could be. Each artist being thoroughly familiar with the music, and equal to anything on the instrument in hand, each, moreover, being stimulated by the excellence of the other, a unique result was assured. About the work itself there is nothing to be said that has not been said a thousand times. Yet not after the thousandth hearing can its beauties lose their freshness. Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' will literally realize Keats's 'joy for ever.'"

The *Sunday Times* says:—

"Madame Goddard did not, as usual, come with a novelty in her hands. She may well be excused for once, seeing how long and zealously (and at what sacrifice) she has laboured in the cause of an extended musical knowledge. Madame Goddard's reception was very hearty, and as if in response, she played her very best. Rarely has the accomplished lady asserted more convincingly her claim to the highest honours an artist can receive. From first to last, her performance was one of unique excellence. Schubert's sonata, which is among the loveliest of his creations, had a rendering worthy of its loveliness. Madame Goddard's execution was faultless, even in the difficult *finale*; and her reading of the work was equally good. Justly, therefore, did the audience twice recall the artist, in order to express the pleasure received. Dr. Bennett's chamber trio, about which we spoke a short time back, once again had entire justice done to it. The worthily-associated players must have satisfied even the composer, who was present on this occasion. An attempt was made to encore the serenade; but the majority of the audience were anxious to hear their favourite 'Kreutzer' sonata, and it failed. The sonata just named was given in connection with these concerts for the thirtieth time, and every bar of it being known, it was listened to with not less intelligence than interest. A finer performance we cannot imagine. Each stimulated by the other, Madame Goddard and Herr Joachim played as they play only when in the most exalted mood. No wonder, therefore, that the entire audience remained to the end. They could not choose but hear such music so rendered."

The opinion of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is thus stated:—

"Madame Arabella Goddard's benefit last Monday signalled the proximate close of the Monday Popular Concerts. The occasion is always interesting, even though it come after a long course of attractive doings. To say nothing about the prominent part naturally taken by Madame Goddard, her scheme makes more than an ordinary promise of good things. As a rule, novelty holds a place therein; and novelty was expected last Monday by all who remembered what the artist has done to enlarge the musical knowledge of the public. For once, however, Madame Goddard held her hand, and played only what the audience had learned to know and love. By adopting this course she made the gratification of her hearers none the less; while it may have been that she made the immediate honour to herself all the more. Mendelssohn's quintet in A major (Op. 18) began the concert, and was thoroughly well played by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti. It is needless to say that its great beauty charmed everybody, even those who waited most impatiently for the heroine of the evening. The *scherzo* (a 'jest' which begins as a fugue, and is not a burlesque) was encoered in harmony with many precedents. Madame Goddard first played Schubert's *Fantaisie-Sonate*, in G major (Op. 78). She originally introduced this work at the Monday Concerts, and its repetition, besides delighting the audience, reminded them of what they owed the performer. Popularity has quickly attended Schubert's beautiful inspiration; a result at which nobody wonders so long as music, fresh, tuneful, and imaginative in the highest degree, has power to charm. Madame Goddard played superbly from first to last. The least merit that could be claimed for her rendering of the sonata was perfect mechanism; beyond and above this were grace and truth of expression, and the power, denied to so many, of grasping the whole idea of the work while seeming to concentrate every faculty upon its details. A more remarkable display of artistic and executive ability has rarely been made, and the double recall which followed did the performer no more than justice. The next work was Dr. Sterndale Bennett's chamber trio, repeated by desire of some

who heard it a few weeks ago. We spoke of it then, and extended remarks now would be unnecessary repetition. The beautiful serenade very nearly obtained another encore; therefore it just missed another deserved compliment. Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' sonata followed, and for the thirtieth time a Monday Popular audience honoured themselves as well as it by profoundest attention. Madame Goddard and Herr Joachim have so often been associated in the performance of this great work that they have come to be associated with the work itself. Assuredly no two artists could do it greater justice. Each is equal to the music, and therefore each is equal to the other—a most essential feature, as those will grant who know anything about the sonata in question. The vocalist was Mr. W. H. Cummings, who sang Gounod's 'Chanson Arabe' and Dr. Bennett's 'Better Land' with perfect taste. The oftener this excellent tenor is heard at the Monday Popular Concerts the better."

In an article upon the recent performance of Dr. Bennett's symphony at the Crystal Palace, the *Musicalian* (in its April number) has the following:—

"Although credit cannot be given to the directors of the Crystal Palace for displaying much readiness in the production of English music, their good service in that direction last month, when Dr. Bennett's noble symphony in G minor was performed, must not go unacknowledged. This work has been known to the Philharmonic audiences for the past six years, and been duly appreciated in Germany, where our countryman's delicate genius is perhaps better understood, and more highly valued, than among us. Throughout this work the ideas have a fanciful, dainty individuality; the workmanship and development few living writers could approach; and the instrumentation, without being startling, is, at all times, piquant and refreshing. A distinct flavour is imparted to the first movement by the large use of dotted notes; at times prominently pervading the whole mechanism of a subject, at other times cunningly placed as an undercurrent below a broad stream of *cantabile* melody. Much ingenious development and skillfully balanced modulation is to be found in the latter part of this movement. Of characteristic grace is the subject of the minuet, in which the oboe is prominently employed, and in which many charming combinations for strings, reeds, and horns appear. The rhythm, although measured, is, through the clever dovetailing of the sentences, delicately marked throughout. A rather go-ahead proceeding for one understood to be pledged, as Dr. Bennett is, to liberal-conservatism in instrumentation, is the trio, set entirely for trumpets, horns, and trombones. *** Dr. Bennett's use of the last-named instruments is confined to the first movement (chiefly in short pregnant piano phrases after the modern manner) and to the trio. The return to the minuet is neatly managed by a phrase of repeated notes for the four horns resting upon the original dominant. To the violas is assigned the motive of the third movement, a *romanza, larghetto, cantabile*;—a luscious tune, admirably adapted to the subdued passionate genius of this branch of the string department. A charming tone of *abandon* is imparted to the first part of this by the intermixture of duplets and triplets between solo and accompanying parts. Of noteworthy ingenuity and lightness is the conduct of the *rondo finale*, in the *scherzo* manner, a charming specimen of workmanship, conceived in just proportions, with happy, but not excessive, contrast in the material employed, and all the parts interwoven with the practised touch of a ripe scholar. While men can be found who can write like Professor Bennett, there is little fear of the principles of proportion and unity in art being lost sight of, to whatever length those adventurous spirits may go who would have us believe that art is the slave of emotion."

BACH'S "MATTHEW-PASSION."

The *Daily Telegraph*, in the course of a long article on this great work, says:—

"In a preface to the book of words, written by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, it was stated with desirable clearness that the *Passion* was not intended for concert-room display, but for purposes connected with religious worship. Those who know anything about even the elements of musical history are aware that Bach was neither the first nor the last to illustrate in set form the story of the sufferings of Christ. From the beginning of the Lutheran church, the resources of art were more or less employed upon the *Passion*, and in preparation for the Good Friday service every Lutheran choirmaster found the best field for taste and energy. Bach, therefore, was only one among many workers; the difference between him and them being simply the ability to grasp a more elaborate design, and to fittingly work it out. The great master, however, had to consider the exigencies of a religious ceremonial in the midst of his developments; and this largely influenced what he did. Above all things, he was required to honour the sacred narrative. On its different salient points he might hang reflections; but not so as to hide, or even to take away from the prominence of, the Evangel. Hence the fulness with which St. Matthew's story is told; and, also, the absence of largely developed movements aiming rather at musical effect than religious edification. The words 'religious edification' are, in point of fact, a key to the whole composition. How strictly the master subordinated himself to this one idea few need be told; and it is easy to imagine how sharp the struggle was between the promptings of Bach's musicianship on the one hand and the requirements of his church

on the other. With what pleasure, when exalted by the great theme upon which he laboured, the consummate musician would have given the rein to his genius, and how great may have been the results of such a step, are speculations by no means vague; but we have reason to be content with the *Passion*, even though it can only be heard now in concert-rooms under strange conditions. It is, indeed, a wonderful work—most wonderful to those who are not only acquainted with its details, but with the music of the time when it was written. The largeness of its design, the beauty of its melodies, its alternate tenderness and gigantic power, and the reverential spirit which breathes in every bar, are qualities which lift the *Passion* of St. Matthew to the highest rank of inspired works. We could fill a column with illustrations; but, leaving the reader to supply these himself, we go on to point out a feature of more interest than any other—the dramatic force which the music so frequently exhibits. This is apparent in the opening chorus, where the mournful invitation of the Sionites is answered by the interjections of those to whom it is addressed. The short choruses of the Jews, and those numbers in which the Christians, as though unable to restrain themselves at sight of what is being done, give abrupt expressions to their feelings, belong also to a high order of dramatic composition. It is worthy of note here that much of this dramatic writing is contrapuntal—another illustration of the elasticity of true music, and, moreover, interesting as showing the influence of scholasticism at the time when Bach wrote. Years after, Handel made the Jews taunt their victim through a regularly worked-out fugue; and it may be questioned whether music has gained by departure from the fashion to which we owe 'His trusted in God.' One other feature of remarkable excellence could not well be overlooked in ever so brief a notice. We refer to the recitatives, which embody for the most part, the Gospel narrative. These are models for all time, both as regards adaptedness to the words and declamatory force. Nothing shows more conclusively the thoughtful care with which Bach worked. He might have slighted his recitatives (as sometimes did his great contemporary, Handel) without serious results; but, so far from this, it is evident that he gave to them no ordinary labour."

CARLOTTI PATTI.

The Richmond (Virginia) *Daily State Journal* of the 22nd March has the following:—

"To say that we were charmed last night by the singing of Patti is but poorly to translate by language the transports of the soul. Enchantment were the better word, and yet we are ashamed of its poverty. Rarely has an audience been so enraptured and enthused. The very first trill of her sweet voice, sent an electric thrill through the house, and held it in delicious suspense. We never heard singing before, and never wish to hear again anything that shall fall below the standard Patti has set up for us. We shall be prepared to be disgusted with all who come after, and shall break all the idols of song we have worshipped in the past. The *cavatina* from *Linda di Chamounix* was sung with indescribable sweetness and unequalled grace and elegance in movement and execution. Her voice filled the whole house with harmony and melody, and was as flexible as a mocking bird's. We have no idea of committing a sacrilege and shall, therefore, not attempt anything like a technical criticism or analysis of her genius. Her execution was too entirely faultless and grand for cold or calculating art rules, and we shall not play the surgeon and in *sang froid* cut a thing of beauty to pieces. She was encoored twice, and returned to bow her acknowledgments. In the second part, her 'Carnival of Venice' (Benedict), was one of the rarest musical gems that we ever heard, coming as it did through the lips of one of the rarest queens of song. She was encoored here also, and sang a very pretty song, altogether Frenchy, in which there was a good deal of musical laughter that was contagious. The closing duet, from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, in which she was assisted by the rich voice of Mons Theodore Ritter, was magnificently sung, and playfully acted. This ended the concert, and the house fairly shook with applause when the curtain dropped."

HERR JOACHIM goes to St. Petersburg in January for six weeks. Joseph Joachim, Alfred Piatti, and Arabella Goddard have been the mainstays of Mr. Arthur Chappell's admirable entertainments from the beginning. Whether they will next year appear as *trio juncta in uno* is at least doubtful.

MR. BENEDICT has been to Paris, to assist at the rehearsal of his *St. Cecilia*, in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is to take part, on the 30th instant. He returned to London for the last Monday Popular Concert.

Fines for Music.

To be Belgian Ambassador
Contenteth Van der Weyer;
But Ambassador of all Nations,
Is Monsieur Van der Wire.

Punch.

RICHARD WAGNER'S MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG.*

A HISTORICAL EXPLANATION.

(Concluded from page 230.)

II.

It is clear from the observations in Chapter I. that the efforts of the *Meistersinger* were directed to entirely material objects, and that their highest aim was pedantically correct rhyme. The reader will, therefore, not be astonished when he is informed that their productions were, poetically considered, beneath mediocrity, and that they, namely, the *Mastersingers*, wrote nothing of any importance, either as to form, which they treated far too slavishly, or as to purport, since this was a matter of perfect indifference to them. Art, therefore, suffered from these fraternities, though it still exercised that moral influence which no one who has anything to do with it can escape. Even at the present day, governments might learn from the example of the *Mastersingers*, what an ethical power they allow to lie fallow by not encouraging art among the people. It is to these associations of simple burghers and mechanics that we principally owe that religious and moral spirit which then distinguished the inhabitants of the cities from the rude and licentious nobility. Every *Mastersinger* was bound by the *Tabulatur* to lead a pious, moral life, and be strictly upright in his conduct, and it is natural that the more the fraternity increased in public estimation, the greater would be the influence which its members would, by their pure life, exert upon their fellow-citizens. These associations, exercised, also, a most beneficial effect upon the intellectual culture of cities; the practice of art, however mechanical that practice, could not fail to elevate mentally the simple workman, to sharpen his understanding, and, above all, to render him susceptible of the higher social sentiments. It was most assuredly not by mere chance that those cities in which *Mastersong* flourished were those which particularly espoused the cause of the Reformation, especially in Southern Germany, all of which, with the exception of such places, remained strictly Roman Catholic.

In consequence of the great spread of *Mastersong*, and of its peculiar development, the number of those who busied themselves with the "*hoheliedige Kunst*" (the "graceful art") was, of course, legion, and an innumerable quantity of songs emanated from the *Mastersingers*. Only a very few, however, were printed, and the others probably never will be, for in no respect are they much worth notice. For this reason, we are, as a rule, intimately acquainted with only a few *Mastersingers*, and even those few became celebrated more on account of their other poems than of their *Mastersongs*. Such are Heinrich von Mügeln, Suchensinn, Muscatblüt, the "Teichner," Mich. Beheim, Hans Rosenblüt, and Hans Polz, all of whom, however, practised art as a source of profit, a fact which never happened subsequently. The leading man among them all, and, consequently, the pride of the entire fraternity, always was and always will be *Hans Sachs*.

If we bear in mind what the *Minnesänge*, or Songs of the *Minnesingers* were—with the fancy they displayed, and the fantastic element, which was the abortive product of that fancy—we find that a great difference between them and the singsong effusions of the *Mastersingers* was the sober sense of the latter, a quality which found its way even into the courtly art of the period. That art could not escape the influence of the middle classes, who were growing stronger and stronger, thanks to their eminently practical spirit, so that isolated attempts to restore in all its purity the *Minnesang* of chivalry necessarily failed to exert any permanent effect. In both cases, true poetic life is found only in the genuine folk's-song, which, springing from the inmost recesses of the soul, cannot fail, even though defectively executed, to re-act upon the soul, and that is the aim of all art.

III.

Such is the historical period, such are the circumstances and state of things that Wagner has turned to account in his libretto. One gratifying fact connected with the latter is that the *Hots-pur*-like poet-composer totally ignores the reforms formally proclaimed by himself as necessary, namely, that every work of dramatic art must take its subject from the Myth. He has obtained his personages and the framework of his plot neither from the waters nor from the clouds; no, his ride into the country of old romance takes him directly into Nuremberg, which still exists bodily, and he busies himself with factors which have, more or less, nothing to do with legends, but belong to downright history. Some persons, it is true, have asserted that the story unfolded in the *Meistersinger* is nothing more than an allegory which Wagner holds up, under the figure of the knight, Walther (himself) and of the "*brünstig-umworbene*" Eva (German music) to his natural antagonists the artists of the old style (Beckmesser, and the Master-

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

singer-) and the public, satirizing undisguisedly the Present which does not appreciate him; this sarcasm, it is added, constitutes the real comicality and deep humour of the opera. But, in the interest of the work itself, we place no importance on this supposition, which, by regarding the opera as a mere allegory would degrade it to the lowest level of dramatic writing, since the drama should contain what is real and genuine, and not simply make-believe. We take, rather, what is offered, and, just like the great mass of the public, regard it all as honest money (and so it ought to be). Looking at it in this light, we find the snobbish, little-minded notions of a provincial town in the Middle Ages formed into a highly diverting picture, well adapted to serve the purposes of a genuine comic opera. But the materials are of themselves far too trivial to fill three acts with humorous scenes in quick succession. The progress of the story is continually brought to a standstill, and then set going again by means of rambling didactic effusions and philosophical outbursts. In order to keep up the comic element, we have no less than two characters, David and Beckmesser, the latter being a perfect caricature, utterly cut of drawing, both as regards the writing and the music; now a caricature is fitted only for a farce. But the fact is: Wagner is totally deficient in true, genuine humour. Like his Italian counterpart, Verdi, he can only do things in a sledge-hammer way; light grace and delicate ease are denied both, and this is the reason why they are always noisy and ponderous when they wish to be piquant and elegant.

Taken all in all, Wagner with his far-fetched style, based particularly on character, sharpness of dramatic expression, and the overpowering importance of the orchestra, was the last man in the world capable of giving us, even musically, a diverting picture of petty provincial sayings and doings; for such is his object, and the name *Meistersinger* is simply a far-fetched means for carrying it out. This "Art-Work of the Future," this model that he would set before us, has a decided defect: it is not comic opera which has as good a right to exist, so to speak, as serious opera. The same means and forms will by no means do for both styles, and we may frankly assert that Wagner's *Meistersinger* will not drive Rossini, Auber, Donizetti, or Lortzing, from the comic operatic stage; no, not even Lortzing, who was compassionately laughed at by grand gentlemen, and sneeringly called a "small-beer ballad-singer" but who, in his *Waffenschmied*, has given us a picture which, though outwardly resembling Wagner's *Meistersinger*, is more graceful, more hearty, more natural, and, above all things, genuinely comic. A humorous creation of art, like a humorous man, works, not with subtle notions, far-fetched jokes, and strangely distorted faces, but, by unconstrained humour, natural drollness, and ready wit. Anyone who goes to enjoy Wagner's *Meistersinger* must previously make up his mind not to expect these qualities.

L.

ABOUT OLD MATTERS.

THE "BEGGARS' OPERA."

According to Pope, Dean Swift suggested to the poet Gay that a Newgate pastoral would prove an odd, pretty thing. The poet was taken with the idea, but thought he could make it more effective by converting it into a musical comedy. Hence the *Beggars' Opera*. Dr. Pepusch, Doctor of Music, was engaged to provide the music, and, in so doing, he for the most part adopted the popular ballad airs of the period. We thus find a mixture of quadrilles, Scotch songs, English ditties, and airs, to which latter Thomas Moore wrote verse. At the first representation, on the 25th January, 1728, its success was dubious. There was a strong disposition shown to damn it, but after a time its success was undoubted. Like other successful pieces, it was difficult to get a theatrical manager to produce it. At last Rich, lessee of Covent Garden, took it up, and was repaid in fame and fortune. Its success led to the well-known saying that "the *Beggars' Opera* has made Rich gay, and Gay rich." The original Polly—Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton—commenced at fifteen shillings per week, which pittance, on account of her success, was raised to thirty shillings. At first, the *Beggars' Opera* created much discussion with regard to its moral tendencies. Swift approved of it, and said, "it placed all kinds of vice in the strongest and most odious light." But the immediate effect was to increase the number of highwaymen—this on the authority of Sir John Fielding, the celebrated police magistrate.

The Enraged Musician.

Composer. Did you stay late at Lady Tittup's?

Friend. Yes. Heard Miss Bang play again. I was delighted with her execution.

Composer. Her execution! That would have pleased me; she deserved it for having brutally murdered a piece of mine.

[Exeunt.
Bang.]

SAINT CECILIA.*

St. Cecilia's Day, as it is called, in the month of November, is celebrated, when practicable, in Roman Catholic cities, by select sacred musical performances, because it is thought that this Saint merits more than any other, to be glorified by the professors of the particular art which she herself cultivated and which she caused to be held in honour. Yet it would be a difficult task to show what positive service has procured her this distinction. Tradition has sometimes sprung from a single fact, or else emanated accidentally; but, when there were several distinct facts involved, some one common point was necessary to bind the whole together.

It was not till the fifteenth century St. Cecilia was called the Patroness of Music. The Church had already long possessed a Saint of the same name, but there was nothing in her life relating either to the invention or the cultivation of music. We read in the legend that a Roman maiden, secretly devoted to the Christian religion, was affianced by her parents, who were very strict, to a heathen youth, but, filled with love for the Redeemer, she renounced all sensual love, and, after converting her intended and his brother to the new doctrine, suffered martyrdom in the persecution of the Christians under the Prætor Almachus. The fundamental idea in this is the *renunciation of sensuality, and the union of Love with Faith*. The year 220 is named as the year of the fair Saint's death; a church dedicated to her existed at Rome as early as 550. It is said to have been built by Pope Urban; to have been restored in 818, by Paschalis I., and to have been adorned with the Saint's tomb. Her body, which, according to report, was found in the catacombs, reposes there in a silver coffin under the altar; a marble statue, by Stefano Maderno, representing her who sleeps below, is placed by the side of the tomb. But neither the statue, nor the pictures in the church so much as hint that it is the patroness of music who is worshipped there. In order to find some reason for so doing, we have to depend entirely upon the legend. From this we learn that, during the celebration of her marriage with the youth, Valerianus, Cecilia, while the solemn music was being played ("cantantibus organis"), sang in her heart to her only lord ("in corde suo soli Domino cantabat dicens: fiat cor meum, etc."). From this, Herder concluded that Cecilia had been raised to the dignity of being the patron-saint of music, because she had sung in her heart a song of faith. This supposition, which presupposes a wrong interpretation of the words, contains a very weak argument, namely that, during the solemn marriage music, the maiden prayed and sang, secretly in her heart, to the Lord. Wendt attempted to diminish the absurdity of the matter by a symbolical explanation. He supposed that this particular saint was made patroness of sacred music, because while listening to earthly strains, she bore in her heart harmony consecrated by God, and, though inaudible, glorified the Lord in her song. But the legend itself says nothing about music different in its nature to earthly music, and Cecilia's rogation was one not heard.

But some persons have gone still further and named St. Cecilia as the inventress of the organ. This, again, arose from the misinterpretation, of the words, "organis cantantibus." Many a tradition has, probably, suffered sadly from misinterpretation, but that, from the name of the instruments (organa) heard at the scene of the marriage, any one should have been led to hit upon an organ played by the hand of St. Cecilia, is something incredibly absurd. Not even the boldest combination of facts would suffice to connect the invention of the organ with St. Cecilia. The organ had not been employed in the service of the Church, when the Emperor Michael sent an instrument of the kind, then used only in profane music, to Charlemagne, who, in order to find a place of safe keeping for it, had it put up in the church at Aix la Chapelle. Even in Italy, the use of the organ in religion dates only from quite the end of the 8th century. In his description of the organ at Breslau, page 26. Fischer is, therefore, perfectly right when he says: "Cecilia did not invent, play, or love the organ, for she never knew anything about it."

But, if we are compelled to give up, at once, the fair Saint of the Church as the patroness of music, and if we nowhere find any proof that the Church, marked by an art of canonization the contrast between mundane and sacred music; and if, moreover, we meet with no reference to any such patronage in early poetical writings, we may, perhaps, be allowed to make the suggestion that St. Cecilia owned her existence, musically speaking, to Painting, and is, consequently, a Saint casually conferred on Music, but who has, by age and custom, obtained a not too valid a right of citizenship in our art.

Having arrived at this result, we have, properly speaking, come to the end of our proof, and might leave a painter to carry out the induction further. We may, however, be allowed to offer a suggestion as to how the thing might be treated.

The Fine Arts, as permeated by one and the same breath; as based upon one and the same principle; and as having one and the same aim, marked by their very name, stand, even though not blended in an Art-Work of the Future, on a friendly footing with each other, and interchange the subjects to be treated, just as they unite to produce an effect in common. But, however nearly the sense of hearing is allied to that of seeing, and however much musical portrayal of things may combine with their visibly mimetic portrayal so as to produce a separate form of art, music does not of itself offer any materials suitable for the painter. Musical subjects lie beyond the limits of

plastic art, and though the most celebrated and most skilful painters, such as Domenichino, Guido Reni, etc., chose subjects of this sort, the wonderfully excellent treatment did not compensate for the error of the selection. In paintings of concerts the spectator's ear does not hear the sound, and the pictures become purportless,* nay, in the case of ungenial artists, painfully and (as we write this, several modern paintings, some with, and some without, historical figures, and inscribed, "A Concert," float mentally before us). What method then was left Painting to glorify the sister art, except to create a Saint, listening, as an inspired seer, to the sounds of heavenly harmonies, or (by means of music) giving expressive utterance to her agitated mind. Such a view of the subject was as different from that taken by Antiquity, as specifically Christian plastic art, generally, is from the plastic art of classic Paganism. In the one case, plastic art conveyed to us, in its representation of Orpheus, the power of music upon rude beings; in Christian times, when the subjective activity of the mind predominated, the only thing that could be represented was our inward life.

That Painting has been fortunate with this creation, so peculiarly her own, is a fact attested by pictures of St. Cecilia by celebrated masters in dozens, though in saying this, we by no means include the picture which has given its name to one of the rooms in the Berlin Singakademie. Is it, then, surprising that musicians willingly accepted the dainty little Saint thus prepared for them, and quietly bowed before the sceptre thus usurped; nay, that they even struck up inspired hymns, dithyrambs, and cantatas in praise of the said Saint, and attempted to keep her festival as splendidly as possible? These lines are, therefore, by no means intended to bring the gentle creature into discredit, or in any way diminish her power; they are simply an attempt to trace her descent, which has hitherto been taken upon trust, unchallenged.

GRUMBLING CURED—GRATIS.

Seeing that this disorder is so very prevalent among young and old in all ranks of society, and presuming that all who suffer from it sorely wish to be cured; and believing still further that I can guarantee an immediate cure, even in the most desperate cases, I presume to offer the following remedy, and to set forth some of its advantages which I think give it a prominence over any other already known:—

It is very simple. It does not cost anything. It is always at hand. Can be applied directly by the patient himself, or herself, as the case may be. If properly applied, it must effect a complete cure. Should the grumbling fit return at some future time, it can be again used with the same certainty of success. The remedy and its application are both expressed in one little word of four letters—SING! Try it. I am not particular what you sing, provided always that it is right and good and in harmony with your character; nor does the manner signify, so long as it is done heartily, and it may be in the treble, alto, tenor, bass, or any other clef, according to individual preference. If the attack is mild, a few bars in common time, sung *piano* will usually suffice. If the symptoms are more decided and severe, from twenty to thirty bars, three-four time, *forte*, and lively, should be tried promptly, repeated after an interval of five minutes if necessary; and where the complaint, from long habit, has become confirmed and chronic, I should prescribe not less than thirty bars, two-four time, *Allegretto* and *fortissimo*, on the commencement of every attack. As the patients of this latter class sometimes have a great disinclination to *solos*, they may try duets, or even choruses, with many voices, when opportunity offers.

Under this course of treatment, if persevered in, the symptoms will, to a certainty, assume a much milder form; in a very short time a radical cure will be effected, and the once habitual grumbler become noted for his cheerfulness and urbanity.—*American Paper*.

W A I F S.

Madame Arabella Goddard will return to London from Boulogne-sur-Mer immediately.

Herr Joseph Joachim left London for Berlin yesterday.

The arrival of Signor Verdi in Paris is again announced.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is expected in London on the 1st of May.

The Cairo opera-season has closed, and the artists are back in Europe.

M. de Vroye, the eminent Belgian flautist, intends coming to London for the season.

The will of Mr. J. W. Walker, organ-builder, of London, has been proved under £25,000.

Mr. Jarrett, acting manager at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, has returned to London from Paris.

Signor Daifiori, an operatic artist, known some years ago in London, died recently, after a long illness.

* This circumstance has given rise to the experiment recently made of adding a musical accompaniment to pictures at public exhibitions, just as to *tableaux vivants*.

* From the Berlin Echo.

Madame Adelaide Ristori, the famous Italian actress, has retired from the profession.

Mdlle. Lewitzky, the young Russian (pupil of M. Wartel), who is about to sing at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, has arrived in London.

The last ten representations of *Robert le Diable* at the Grand Opéra are said to have brought in 124,827 francs.

By special decree, Herr Eckert, Chapel-master at the Court of Berlin, has been confirmed in his position for life.

A lady equestrian who turns somersaults backwards and forwards on horseback is to appear in England in May, and—in crinoline!

Mdlle. Nilsson will take her benefit at the Grand Opéra on the 30th inst. She gives the proceeds to the Association des Artistes Musiciens et Dramatiques.

Mdlle. Schneider and the other members of M. Felix's French Opera bouffe troupe have been playing in *Orphée aux Enfers* at the Liverpool Amphitheatre.

Mr. Barry Sullivan has just completed a successful engagement at Bristol. On Easter-Monday he commences another of twelve nights, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

A grand composition, entitled *Beethoven*, by Abbé Listz, is announced for performance at the approaching Beethoven fêtes in Weimar. (Let us hope this is a hoax.)

Herr Lienau, of Berlin, has just published a comprehensive biography of C. M. von Weber, with a catalogue of, and critical remarks upon his works. The author is Herr F. W. Jahns.

The Lyceum management seems to be sparing no pains to make *Le Petit Faust* as great a success in London as it was in Paris. Mr. MacLagan has been engaged to play the part of Faust.

A project for erecting in Paris a vast concert-hall has been started by M. Guy de Charmace, with the primary intention of devoting the building to the performance of choral works on a large scale.

George Dawe and Edward B. Wallace Bishop have been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for forging the trade-mark of Messrs. Collard & Collard, the well-known pianoforte manufacturers.

A commemorative concert in honour of the late Moscheles was given on the 20th ult. at the Leipzig Conservatory. Herr Reinecke played, besides other things, the deceased composer's *Sonate Mélan-colique*.

Herr Joachim Raff has finished a new opera, *Dame Kobold*, which is to be produced at Weimar. Let us hope that Herr Raff is a better hand at operatic music than at music for the orchestra and the chamber.

M. De Beriot, the once famous violinist, better known to the last generation as the husband of Malibran, has recently died, at Louvain, in the 68th year of his age. For years past he had been blind and paralyzed, and lived habitually in Paris, but lately returned to his native town, Louvain, where he was attacked with his fatal illness.

The performance of Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, in Paris, by the Société Bourgault-Ducoudray, passed off well; but we cannot congratulate Dryden's translator, if this be a fair example of his skill:—

Ce roi si fier, hélas! succombe,
Sans un ami pour lui fermer les yeux.

The new opera-house at Dresden, of which Herr Semper is architect, will be, in some sort, a monument to Herr Wagner. Among other features which accord with Wagnerian principles is an invisible orchestra. The building, designed on an imposing scale, may be expected to cost more than the 400,000 thalers voted for its construction.

Another portion of the original site of the Strand Hotel Company, in Holywell Street and Wych Street, Strand, is being converted into a theatre, and will be completed in a few months. It adjoins the Globe Theatre; the back of the stage, in fact, abuts on that of the Globe. One entrance will be from the Strand by means of a subway under Holywell Street.

Herr Rubinstein has given the first of his Orchestral Concerts in the Salle Herz. In the programme was a new fantasia for piano and orchestra, characterized by, according to the *Gazette Musicale*, exaggerated dimensions and a variety of styles. Nevertheless, the *Gazette* calls it a "monumental composition" and "un chef-d'œuvre de sentiment et de facture." How this can be and also that, we should like the French critic to explain.

Our English cousins are about to allow Mdlle. Arabella Goddard to leave them for a little while on a professional trip to the Continent. Is it not almost time this Queen of Pianists paid us a visit? We long to

hear and see her fair and powerful fingers pluck the mysteries from the hearts of our American Grands, and we should, indeed, be well pleased to see her name added to the worthy list of the interpreters of that noble instrument who have already evoked its beauties, and done harmonious battle with its ivory keys.—*New York Musical Bulletin*.

We are able to satisfy the curiosity of our correspondent, Mr. Thomas Noon Gadd, by reproducing in *extenso* the article to which he refers, but of which, he states, he has lost his copy:—

"The performance of 'English Opera' at Astley's Theatre affords an opportunity for seeing the amusements popular across the bridges. The entertainment may be witnessed without adventuring into the labyrinths of Southwark, and it is refreshing to watch the pleasure and excitement which the singing of a ballad affords to about two thousand persons. The audience sit drinking ginger-beer, eating oranges, and calling out for encores till a stranger begins to think that some will suffocate themselves. If a boy pulls his cork out in the middle of a song, there are clamours of 'throw him over.' The majority of ladies in the gallery sit with bare heads and arms, applaud as heartily as the gentlemen, and fight with them for places. The play, or opera, whatever the thing is called, is worth seeing; the actors and actresses walk on and sing a song without reference to any incident gone before or to come after. The good nature of Mr. * * * and Miss * * * is rewarded by vociferous cheering. Altogether, the exhibition is one of the most comic we have seen for some time."

The following sensible remarks, which appeared in the columns of a contemporary some time ago, support a theory to which we have long been wedded:—

"Why is the public unwilling to believe that a singer can be unwell? A singer with a fine voice is likely to have a delicate throat; and singers are susceptible to throat diseases, some of them suffering from every change in the atmosphere. The slightest hoarseness unfits a vocalist for the exercise of his profession. These remarks are suggested by a letter in the * * * * in which a person calling himself 'A Lover of Music' complains of Mr. * * * * having pleaded illness as an excuse for not singing at the dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund. That Mr. * * * was not too ill to sing on Saturday is proved, according to this writer, by his having sung on Monday at Buckingham Palace. Mr. * * * did not sing on Monday at the Court Concert. The *Court Circular* publishes his name, but the music set down for him was sung by Signor * * *. As the eyes of Mr. * * *, not his throat, are chiefly affected, 'A Lover of Music' would perhaps not consider this a valid excuse for declining to sing. However, the reason which prevented Mr. * * * from singing for the members of the Newspaper Press Association prevented him from singing for her Majesty."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

WEEKES & Co.—"The Burden-Bearer," sacred song, by W. Wadsworth.
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"The Weaver," song, by Kate Lucy Ward.

THE VOICE & SINGING BY ADOLFO FERRARI.

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